LA SERVA PADRONA;

OR, THE

SERVANT MISTRESS.

Tranſlated from the *Italian*, and adapted to the ORIGINAL MUSICK

OF

SIGNOR PERGOLESI.

(Price One Shilling.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Uberto, a paſſionate Old Man, doatingly fond of his Servant *Serpilla*, by Mr. *Gaudry*.

Serpilla, a Servant Maid, an artful ſaucy Jade, by Signora *Dominica Saratina*.

An Old Woman, remarkably Ugly, by Miſs *Glanville*.

Veſpone, a Mute Servant.

SCENE. A Room in *Uberto*'s Houſe, in *Spain*.

PART

PART I. SCENE I.

Uberto enters impatiently, Veſpone leaning in a careleſs Poſture, looking and laughing at him.

SONG I.

Uberto. *TO long expect, and wait, in vain:*
To be in Bed, and not to ſleep:
To ſlave for ever, without Profit,
Will break the Heart of any One.

'Tis very hard
That I ſhould wait ſo long, and that my Maid
Will not oblige me with my Chocolate.
And what's ſtill worſe, I'm now engaged to go.
O bleſſed Patience!
Here!——*Serpilla! Serpilla!*
Muſt I till To-morrow wait?
You, *Veſpone*,——well, Sir!——What are you doing?
Why ſtand you there?——You Booby!——
What, Sir?——No Excuſe.——You Fool you!——
Go,——Run,——See what ſhe's doing?
Ser. Won't you have done?
You're not to ſcold at me, Sir. [*Without.*
Ub. Very fine!
Ser. without.] Again?
If my Maſter's in Haſte, I'm not; Sirrah!
Ub. Vaſtly fine!
Ser. without.] You won't then?
Are you reſolved to try my Patience?
Deſiſt, or I ſhall box your Ears.
Ub. Hey!——where dy'e think you are?
Hey!——*Serpilla!*——

Enter

Enter Veſpone *and* Serpilla *in a Paſſion.*

Ser. Permit me, Sir, to teach that Scoundrel Manners.
Ub. What! in your Maſter's Preſence?
Ser. Am I, (becauſe a Servant) to be trampled on?
And ſuffer ſuch Abuſe? No, Sir———
I'll be reſpected, honour'd, as a Miſtreſs,———
You ſhall ſee, Sir.
Ub. What the Devil ails your Ladyſhip?

SONG II.

Serpilla. *There never was, nor ever will,*
Be ſuch another Girl as me;
For in me, is Love and Truth,
And Charity too, combin'd:
Inquire of thoſe that know me,
And they will aver it true.
In my Breaſt, no Malice burns,
Never Girl abhors it more.
I ſeldom or ever ſay No,
When Time, or Occaſion, ſays yes.
But ſhould it endanger my Honour,
Be aſſur'd, I ſhall always ſay No. Da capo.

Ub. Come,——let's hear,——what was the Matter?
Ser. This Impertinent.
Uberto to Veſpone.] What you?
Ser. Came to me.
Uberto to Veſpone.] Did I order you?
Ser. And in a rude Manner.
Uberto to Veſpone.] Ha!———Hang you!
Serpilla to Veſpone.] You ſhall pay dear for it.
Uberto to Serpilla.] I ſent him to you.
Ser. For what?
Ub. For what!——Did I not order you———
Ser. Well!———what then?
Ub. What then!———where's the Chocolate?
Am I to wait till Doomſday?
Ser. I have not made it, you muſt do without;
And make yourſelf, dear Maſter, eaſy.

Ub.

Ub. I muſt have the Patience of a Beaſt;
But a Beaſt, I will not be:
I'll not have Patience: I'll ſhake off this Yoke;
And what I have not done, I will do.

SONG III.

Uberto, *Oppoſition*
Is your Delight:
When here, 'tis there;
When up, 'tis down:
When 'tis, 'tis not;
This I ſhould think
Would end it ſoon.

What's your Opinion? Ha? [To Veſpone.
Muſt I bear it?
No, no, Sir, no.

You ever ſhall [To Serpilla.
Your Fate bewail,
And your ill fortune;
And then confeſs,
'Tis your deſert.

But what ſay you? [To Veſpone.
Is it not ſo?
Ha?—what? no? yes?
It ſhall be ſo. Da capo.

Ser. In ſhort, Sir,
Stud'ing your Int'reſt, I am thus rewarded.
Ub. Wonderful! To be ſure, ſhe's right! (*Smearingly.*)
(*to Veſpone*) Run, fetch my Hat, my Sword and Cane, I'll go out.
[*Exit Veſpone.*

Ser. See! ever perverſe!
You ſhall not: go, and undreſs.
Ub. Go to the Devil, you'll provoke me to——

Ser. Nay,——it matters not,——I'll have it ſo,
For out, you ſhall not go.
Ub. I think this great Impertinence.
Ser. Ay, ay, proceed.
Ub. D'ye think, Serpilla, that I'll bear with this?

SONG IV.

Serpilla. *My pettiſh, pettiſh Maſter,*
Don't be ſo very boiſt'rous,
It will avail you nothing:
You muſt, at my Command, Sir,
Be quiet and ſubmiſſive,
Huſh! Serpilla *wills it ſo.*
I think you underſtand me.
Yes, yes; as you have known me,
Theſe many, and many Days. Da Capo.

Ub. Extremely well!—did you hear?—well.—— [*to Veſpone.*
Replace them where you found them,
For my Miſtreſs will not have me go.
Ser. Now I like you——don't be vexed.
Serpilla to Veſpone.] D'ye Stay?—d'ye ſtare?——d'ye wonder?—
Uberto to Veſpone.] Yes, Stay,,—Stare,——Wonder,
Call me Blockhead, Fool, Aſs, beat me,
I'll take it patiently, nay I'll thank you.
Ser. What are you about?
Ub. Stand off thou Wronghead,
Thou Sum of Inſolence——away——
To put an end to this I am determin'd
Veſpone, now, this very Moment, go,
Search thro' the Town,—— but find me out a Woman?
Tho' ſhe has Bas'liſks Eyes, or Teeth like Jet,
Be her as crooked as a Ram's Horn,
Be her in Perſon, Countenance a Monkey,
A Harpy, Sphinx, a very Devil,
To ſpite that Jade, I'll marry her.
That way, at once, I'll free myſelf,
And be no longer ſubject to her Inſolence.

[*Exit Veſpone.*

SONG

SONG V.

Uberto. *Monkey or Devil,*
A Harpy or Sphinx;
Be her as crooked
As a Ram's Horn;
I am reſolved
To marry her.
Say what you will;
Do what you pleaſe;
I am reſolved,
Hence you muſt go.
Dear Serpilla,
Then Prepare,
For you muſt go. Da Capo.

Ser. Oh!——is he come to that!——[*Aſide.*]——Marry, Sir! You'll do extremely well, I approve it.

Ub. You approve it!
Immenſely great!——ſhe approves it!
Then I ſhall marry; ſhall I?

Ser. Yes, Sir.————But it muſt be me.

Ub. You!

Ser. Yes! me, Sir.

Ub. Indeed!

Ser. Indeed.

Ub. Why am I held? Bring me my Cane; [*Aloud.*
How dare you to preſume a Thing of that Kind?

Ser. Say what you will; do what you pleaſe;
No other Woman you ſhall have but me.

Ub. Away, away, my Girl,

Ser. My Spouſe, you mean.

Ub. Gods, Gods, this Girl will be my Death! [*Archly.*

Ser. Death or Life; it muſt be ſo;
I have already fix'd it.

Ub. Sure! the Devil's in Her!

SONG VI.

DUETTO.

Serpilla. *By thoſe cunning artful Eyes,*
Your Thoughts, your Will I comprehend;
For what the one affirms,
The other contradicts.

Uberto. Signorina *you're deceived,*
Too high, too high in Air you ſoar;
My Eyes and I affirm the ſame,
And you, my Dear, ſhall find it true.

Serpilla. *Why ſo? Am not I handſome?*
Graceful, lovely, full of Spirits?
Take Notice, what Gentility,
And mark, my grand Majeſtic Air.

Uberto. *She's really ſo bewitching,*
Ten to one, ſhe'll have her End. [Aſide.

Serpilla. *He'll not hold out much longer;* [Aſide.
Come, my dear Sir.

Uberto. *Away, away.*

Serpilla. *Come, reſolve.*

Uberto. *Be gone, you're mad.*

Serpilla. *Since my Heart is fix'd on you,*
Reſolve, dear Sir, and marry me;

Uberto. *How in Confuſion am I loſt!*

The End of the firſt Part.

PART

PART II. SCENE I.

Enter Uberto.

NOW ſhall I ſee, what Miſtreſs Pert will do;
Veſpone has inform'd me, that he's found
A beauteous Lady that will ſuit my Purpoſe.
It will not ſure be long before he comes.
The Match ſhall inſtantly be huddled up.
For ſooner will I marry *Hecate*,
Than to be thus tormented.
What is the Meaning that he ſtays ſo long?
Every Minute ſeems to me an Age.
But here he is!

Enter Veſpone *and whiſpers* Uberto.

Is ſhe coming? [*Veſpone nods.*
Run and conduct her up. [*Veſpone exit.*
Now muſt I receive her, as it becomes
A Man of my Deportment.

SONG I.

Tell me, tell me, happy Mortals,
Was ever Lover like me?
I tickle with Pleaſure;
In Hopes to ſee this pretty Lady,
My Heart goes pitty patty.
Oh! Heav'ns! I burſt with Expectation.
Happy, happy, happy me!

Uberto *going out, meets Veſpone introducing the Woman.* Uberto *ſtarts, being frightned.*

Wom. Dear Sir,——Your moſt obedient——
This good Gentleman,——[*Pointing to Veſpone.*] has inform'd me——
That you,——Sir,——taken with my Beauty,——
Have long intended, that Hymen's Torch——
Should blaze,——and light us to the Sweets——
Of Matrimony.——
Uberto in Confuſion.] Madam,——I never thought——I mean——
It was not——is not——cannot—— [*Grins at Veſpone.*
My Servant certainly miſtook.——
Wom. Miſtook, Sir!——I don't underſtand you—— [*Angrily.*
Ub. I mean, Madam——
Wom. What do you mean, Sir?——To trifle with me!——
Ub. No Madam, but.——
Wom. But! But me no Buts,——I'll let you know
That one of my ſuperior Excellence
Will not be thus bamboozled.

SONG II.

Woman. *Pray, what d'ye make of me?*
Or what d'ye intend to do?
Don't think to uſe me thus.
A Gentlewoman
Of my Diſtinction
Will have Obedience
Ever paid her.
'Twas great Impertinence
To ſend for me,
And thus abuſe me.
Ha? What ſay you?
Pray, hold your Tongue, Sir.
You've ſaid enough.

Ub. I am ſorry Madam for this Accident;
I ne'er had any Thoughts of Matrimony;
Your ſuperior Excellence and Beauty——

Enter

Enter Serpilla *and ſtands between them.* Uberto *in Confuſion.*

Serp. Servant, Sir,——Servant Madam,——
So——Sir——So,——Madam,——
Is this happy Match concluded?
Ub. What is't to you, whether 'tis or not?——
Serp. Oh!——dear Sir,——only to wiſh you Joy.
To the Woman.] Pray, Madam——may I be ſo happy——
Wom. Who gives you Liberty to ſpeak to me?
Serp. Dear Madam——I beg your Pardon. [*Sneeringly.*
To Uberto.] Won't you, Sir, entertain your Bride?
Shall I bring ſome Chocolate?
Ub. Serpilla,—— Don't provoke me——
Serp. This you ſhall repent. [*Angrily.*
To the Woman.] Madam, as my Maſter is ſo ſurly,
I think it would be beſt to leave him.
Shall I conduct you down?
Woman to Uberto.] Am I brought here to be abuſed?
Ub. Serpilla, leave my Houſe this Inſtant. [*In a Paſſion.*
Serp. 'Tis my Intent, Sir,——don't be in a Flutter.

SONG III.

To Uberto, *Do you think, by this to vex me?*
Or that it will much affect me?
No; ſuch a Thing will never be.

To the Woman. *As for you my Lady Touchy,*
Pray, don't take theſe Airs upon you,
Leaſt from hence I ſend you packing,
Hence, hence, away, be quick, away,
Elſe I'll deſtroy that pretty Face.

To Uberto. *Pretty Bridegroom!—Charming Bride!—*

To both. *I approve it.—A noble Match!—*

To the Woman. *Hide your Face; you ſilly Creature!*

To Uberto. *Go to Bed; you crazy Blockhead!*

To both. *'Tis too late to think of Love.* Da capo.

Veſpon

Veſpone *laughs.* Uberto *goes up to him.*

Ub. Away, you Raſcal!——You're the Cauſe of this. [*Kicks him off.*
'Tis Inſolence unparallel'd.
Wom. Well Sir,——What is your Intent?
For I can partly ſee your wicked Purpoſe;
Whatever you may think, I ever had,
And ſtill can have, as many Lovers as I pleaſe.
Ub. I'm very glad to hear it.
Wom. Then what was your Deſign in ſending for me?
Ub. Did not I tell you it was a Miſtake?
Wom. Miſtake! Miſtake! Am I to be miſtaken?
Ub. Dear Madam, be adviſed, be pacified,
I'm ſurprized at your Pretenſions;
Wom. Surpriz'd! 'Tis what was promiſed.
And I'll make you marry me.
Ub. Marry you!——I ſooner would the Devil,

SONG IV.

And can you think to captivate?——
No;——'Tis impoſſible.
To think your Face inchanting;——
Oh! 'Tis prepoſterous.
The Sight of ſuch a horrid Phiz
Will ſtifle ſure the ſtrongeſt Flame,
And be to Love, an Antidote.
I tell you plainly,
Your Preſence quite diſtracts me,
Therefore I muſt leave you. [Exit.

Woman Sola.

The ſaucy Fellow!——Yet I cannot blame him;
'Tis all, but what I well deſerve.
Some forty Years ago, I could have humbled,
And brought ſuch Scoundrels on their Knees:
But now all Hopes are loſt.

Ladies

Ladies, this Leſſon learn of me,
She that will not, when ſhe may,
When ſhe will, ſhe ſhall have nay.

SONG V.

When I was a Maiden of Twenty,
And my Charms, and my Lovers, were plenty,
Ah! Why did I ever ſay no?
Now the Swains, tho' I court 'em, all fly me.
I ſigh, but no Lover comes near me,
Ye Virgins, be warn'd by my Woe! [Exit.

[The Words of this Song from *Apollo* and *Daphne.*

Enter Serpilla.

Serp. So,——ſhe's gone,——now will I make this ſerve
To my Advantage.——Oh! here he comes!

Enter Uberto.

I hope the Sight of your intended Bride——
Has put you into better Humour.
Ub. Unleſs you're ſilent, I ſhall be much worſe.
Serp. Why ſo, dear Sir?——There was a Time
In which you took Delight to hear me talk.
Ub. That Time is paſt, now I will hear no more.
Serp. Then you're reſolv'd——that I ſhall leave you?
Ub. I am.
Serp. And that ſoon?
Ub. The ſooner, 'twill be better.
Serp. And can you be thus cruel?
You know, I always lov'd you,
And notwithſtanding your Barbarity,
I cannot now do otherwiſe. [*Weeps.*
Ub. Crocodile Tears will not affect me.
Serp. weeping.] Well, Sir;——under ſuch hard Treatment,
Life is but Burthenſome;
I'm reſolv'd to kill myſelf.
Ub. Do,——drown——hang——ſtarve thyſelf.
My Heart is harden'd.

DUETTO.

Serpilla weeping. *And are you thus contented*
To see me pine and languish?
Will not my Tears affect you?
Will they not move your Pity?

Uberto. *I am, I am contented,*
To see you pine and languish:
Your Tears will not affect me:
They will not move my Pity.

Serpilla. *Oh Heav'ns! What Pains I feel!*
Alas!——How beats my Heart!
I languish,——faint,——I die.

Uberto. *I fear my Heart is yielding.*
Alas!——Alas!——Alas!
I cannot hold my Tears.

Serpilla. } *No, no,——'tis Death muſt end it.*
Uberto. } *Ay, ay,——'tis Death muſt part us.*

Serpilla. *To ſatisfy your Malice,*
I am reſolv'd to die,
Depend upon't I will.

Uberto. *With all my Heart——deſtroy thyſelf.*

Serpilla. *In yonder Well——I will.*

Uberto. *Good Speed to you, go drown thyſelf.*

Serpilla. *Theſe Hands ſhall do my Buſineſs:*
I'll ſhoot——I'll ſtab myſelf.

Uberto. *You ſpend your Time in Chatt'ring,*
Away, away——go ſtab thyſelf.

Serpilla. } *How can you be ſo cruel?*
Uberto. } *Begone, I'll hear no more.*

PART

PART III. SCENE I.

Enter Serpilla *with* Veſpone, *diſguiſed in the Habit of an Officer.*

Serp. NOW, that I have gain'd you to my Intereſt,
Make Uſe, *Veſpone*, of your utmoſt Skill;
Should this Scheme take, and I ſo far ſucceed
As to become my Maſter's Wife;
Aſk what you will, and you ſhall have it:
Nay, you ſhall be a ſecond Maſter.

Enter Uberto, *dreſſed ready to go out.*

Ub. I dare engage my Servant, (Miſtreſs rather)
To go, will now permit me. [*Aſide.*
Serpilla to Veſpone.] Hide in next Room, and when I call you, come.
[*Exit Veſpone.*

Ub. Oh, ſhe's here. Now to my Duty;
May I, or may I not; ſweet Miſtreſs,
Will you, or will you not.
Serp. What! [*Angrily.*
Will you preſume without my Leave to go?
What do you think to do?
How dare you diſobey me?

SONG II.

Uberto. *Bridle your Paſſion,*
Be pacified:
And pleaſe to hear,
One ſingle Word.
Check not your Maſter,
In ſo rude a Way.

Serp.

Serp. Well, Sir, I've done.
You ſhall be no more troubled.
Ub. I believe it.
Serp. Then you will marry?
Ub. Certainly.
Serp. I muſt then of my ſelf take care
Ub. Ay, do ſo.
Serp. I have; and have already got a Huſband.
Ub. With all my Heart: how d'ye call him.
Serp. Captain *Tempeſt.*
Ub. A Terrible Name!
Serp. He's Phlegmatic.
Ub. Bad!
Serp. Nay; Lunatic.
Ub. Worſe!
Serp. Soon enrag'd.
Ub. Worſe ſtill!
Serp. And when enrag'd, a very Devil.
Ub. So much the worſe for you.
Serp. But that I ſhall prevent.
Well Sir, adieu.
Heav'n preſerve you, when *Serpilla*'s abſent!
May you enjoy a long and happy Life!
And may your Spouſe be ſuch, as I have been!
But ſhould *Serpilla* in your Thoughts obtrude,
Think of her candidly, as one that lov'd you.

SONG II.

(Weeping.) *When you think of poor* Serpilla,
Of her hard and unhappy Fate
Then you'll ſigh, and ſay, poor Girl!
Once dear ſhe was to me.

(Laughing.) *Methinks, that he already melts;*
And I am ſure he'll yield at laſt. [Aſide.

(Weeping.) *If my Conduct has offended,*
Forgive me, Sir. 'Tis true, I've err'd;
But do Repent.

(Laughing.) *Now, I'm ſure the Rogue relents*
By his ſqueezing of my Hand. [Aſide.

Ub.

Ub. Well, my *Serpilla*, I will think of you,
And that with Candour.
Serp. Will you ſee my Huſband?
Ub. Yes, I ſhall be glad.
Serp. I'll go and fetch him.
Ub. Go.
Serp. With your Permiſſion. [*Exit.*
Ub. Who can this Man be!
If he anſwers her Deſcription,
Poor Girl! ſhe muſt be in continual Fear.
Poor *Serpilla!*——
I have a Mind to——No, ſhe's my Servant.
I ſhould not be the firſt Man that——
Would I marry her?——No, no, no;
Away, ye fooliſh, fooliſh Thoughts, away;
Softly:——I have brought her up;——
Her Family's not deſpicable;——
Oh! I am mad!——
Stay!——I'll think no more of it.
But I love her,——
And yet,——poor Girl!
Again!——Oh Gods!——Again!——
Oh Confuſion!

SONG III.

Uberto.

I am confus'd I ſee;
Something within my Breaſt,
But what I cannot tell;
Whether 'tis Love or Pity,
It indicates and ſays
UBERTO SAVE THYSELF.
I am between Yea and No,
I ſtand Shilly Shally,
And ever in Confuſion.
Unfortunate, unhappy me!
What will be the End of this! Da capo.

Enter Serpilla *and* Veſpone.

Serpilla to Veſpone.] Pray Sir, walk in.
Ub. Oh Ma'em, is that the Gentleman?
Serp. It is, Sir.
Ub. What a Brute! [*Aſide.*
He has *Tempeſt* in his Countenance.
To Veſpone.] And ſo my dear Captain, I find,
You're going with this pretty Lady,
To be join'd in Wedlock.

[*Veſpone ſ.*

Very well —Are you contented?

[*Nods again.*

Very well.—Is there any Difficulty?

[*Shakes his Head.*

Very well.—This is a Man of few Words. [*Aſide to Serpilla.*
Serp. Very few indeed.
Did you call me? [*To Veſpone.*
By your Leave, Sir. [*To Uberto.*

[*Serpilla chats with Veſpone apart.*

Ub. Now muſt that innocent Dove be thrown
Into the Talons of that hungry Vulture.
Serp. Do you know what my Spouſe ſays?
Ub. What, Serpilla?
Serp. That you muſt give me a Dowry.
Ub. Dowry! what Dowry? Are you mad?
Serp. Don't ſpeak ſo loud, you'll enrage him.

[*Veſpone puts his Hand on his Sword.*

Ub. Let him rage: I care not.
Serp. Lord!——See how he foams!
Ub. Then I am undone; harkee, Serpilla!
Have you concluded?
Serp. I have: And I have not: What then?
Ub. Can't we ſettle our Affairs
And ſcud that Blufferer to the Devil.

SONG.

SONG IV.

Serpilla. *You are Old, and you are Cunning,*
But Serpilla far outdoes you.
So far advanc'd in Age, dear Sir,
You cannot ſure pretend to love.

Ub. You mock me, Serpilla.
Serp. I, Sir, you're miſtaken.
D'ye want me? I'm coming. [*To Veſpone.*
Ub. Curſe on that Captain!
Serp. He ſays——— [*To Uberto.*
Ub. Does he ſpeak by an Interpreter?
Serp. You muſt give with me a Dowry,
Or he'll not marry me.
Ub. What care I!
Serp. What! ſo indifferent!
Since my Services are thus rewarded,
I'm reſolv'd to leave you: Come, Sir.
As my Maſter's ſo inflexible,
Will you take me as I am?

[*Veſpone nods apart.*

Well then, let's away; dear Sir, adieu.
Ub. Hold, Serpilla!———
Sure, you're not in earneſt!
Serp. Pray, Sir, let me alone.
Ub. Nay, you ſhall not go.
Serpilla! will you forſake your Maſter?
You know how kind I've been.
Serp. It does not ſignify.
Ub. But pray, Serpilla! Hear me.
Serp. I'll hear no more.
Ub. So you will leave your poor Maſter?
Serp. You force me from you.
Ub. What would you have me do?
Serp. Do Sir? Don't you know?
Ub. Ah! you bewitching Jade!
Well then Serpilla, as you know I love you,
We will not part; I'll marry you:
So take my Hand.

Serp. With all my Heart; and now Veſpone——
Ub. Ha!——Veſpone!——
Serp. Come, forgive me, Sir, the Scheme was mine.
Ub. Your's was it! You cunning Jade!
Well I'm ſatisfied; we'll crown this Day with Pleaſure.
Serp. And you will find in me a golden Treaſure.

D U E T T O.

Serpilla. *For you within my Breaſt,*
Is Cupid's Hammer beating;
Which ev'ry Hour ſtrikes.

Uberto. *For you, within my Breaſt,*
Is Cupid's Tabor beating;
Which every Hour drums.

Serpilla. *Hark! How it thumps!* [Thumpaty!

Uberto. *'Tis ſo, 'tis very true.*
Now, liſten to the Drum! Hark! [Rubadub!

Serpilla. *'Tis ſo; 'tis very true.*

Both. *But what can this mean?*

Serpilla. *I know not.*

Uberto. *Nor I neither.*

Serpilla. *Ah, Devil!*

Uberto. *Ah, Gipſey!*

Both. *Oh Heav'ns!*
Oh ye Gods!
You muſt know what it means.

Serpilla. *For my Part I cannot tell*

Uberto. *And for mine I can't conceive.*

Serpilla. *Ah! ſtay——that's not the Thing.*

Uberto. *Ah! ſtay——no, 'tis not ſo.*

Serpilla. *Ah, you Rogue——I underſtand you.*

Uberto. *Ah, you Jade——I comprehend you.*

Both. *You want to joke with me.*

F I N I S.